

## NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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## LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD HIGSBY, AUTHOR OF "KILLER'S SECRET," "FALLING AWAY," "THEY WERE MY LATE FATHER'S," AND OTHER STORIES.

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### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Not for fifty thousand dollars!" was the quick reply; "but for the sake of such comradeship as you have shown, we will do our best to help you to find him. I do not know exactly where he is, but there are not more than a score of graves in the row, and the poor fellows are not very deep under the soil."

No, their graves are not very deep—just a couple of feet of earth over them, as they lay wrapped in their blankets asleep in death. It was a ghastly task to uncover the lifeless faces, but it was done at last, and the one that lay there was not that of Gordon Gray, but of another lad whose friends would never find his resting-place. Of course, Winthrop had to write and beg his mother to break the news to him, to the stricken widow. He could picture to himself the agony of that lone heart, whose sympathy was beyond the healing of human sympathy, and if he dropped a tear on the letter which bore the bad tidings, it was in his humble opinion nothing to be ashamed of, even in a soldier.

But to boots and saddles! History can not wait in war-time for us to weep for lost friends. The rest of the year was spent by the light-horse in raids on Lee's army, which had retreated to the vicinity of Richmond, in skirmishing adventures, with Mosby's men, and in foraging expeditions, which, if they gave the little party any worry, were well repaid with danger to the participants. Then followed the retirement into winter quarters, which was now made more endurable by the introduction of fox-hunting, horse-racing and other manly sports, that tended to relieve the monotony of the weary months.

It was in the spring of '64 that excitement began to bubble again in the east. It entered into the mind of Gen. Kilpatrick, who commanded a division, that it would be possible for a small force to make a raid around Lee's army, attack Richmond and release the Federal prisoners on Belle Isle and in Libby prison. The idea, which was daring as it was original, found favor with the younger officers, who were all afloat for



"EVERY MOLE TO RICHMOND, AN' DIVIL A WORD LESS, SOIL!"

distinction, but were pook-pooked by those higher in command as impracticable. Pleasanton refused to sign blank to countermand the scheme. Meade indignantly declined to listen to him, but Kilpatrick was a man not easily set down upon; so, having secured the absence of visit Washington for a few days, he boldly laid his plan before the Secretary of War, who, to his intense delight, gave him a carte blanche to carry out the project. The gallant Irishman returned to camp jubilant and full of volunteers were called upon to undertake the rash adventure, and so many fell in line that Kilpatrick was enabled to pick his men.

"I rely on you, Winthrop," he said cordially to our hero. "For you have an old head on young shoulders, and I can trust you."

Harry murmured his appreciation of the compliment and boldly asked him what his plans were.

"Well, I don't know that there is any reason why I should not tell you," was the candid reply. "We shall be divided into two parties—ours under Major Dalgren, will strike the James river above Richmond, the other, which I shall lead myself, will go direct to the city."

"The scheme is a good one, sir. I hope we shall succeed," said Winthrop.

"Hope, man; we must! I'll have all the old men in the army down on me if we make a mull of it. I tell you, Winthrop, we've got to come through all right."

To have seen that cavalier die out of camp that night, you would have thought the men were bent on some big picnic, such high spirits they were in. During the dark hours they rode steadily on, and so on all the next day, with brief delays for refreshment for man and beast. The second night they rested, but the dawn saw them again on the march. It was too dark to make out objects distinctly, and as they approached a sign-post on the road, Harry ordered one of his troopers, an Irishman, to dismount and climb it that he might read the direction it gave.

"Well, what does it say?" he demanded, impatiently.

"Seven miles to Richmond, an' divil a word less, soil!" was the prompt reply, which brought a faint cheer from the men.

They crept cautiously forward till the city lay before them, with its beautiful hills crowned with pleasant homes. Suddenly they struck the pickets.

"Close up, men! Charge about! Charge!" rang the word of command.

The horses were startled by the spur that they bounded madly onward with an impetus that broke no checking. The first line of guards fell in broken disorder.

"On, boys, on!" Lichfield cried, waving his sword to his men.

But the second line of guards was stronger, and resisted the attack with better spirit. Five minutes of a hand-to-hand fight and the bugle sounded the recall. Meanwhile the men were hurrying and advance was next to impossible. Devin, who commanded the regulars, threw out his skirmishers, when Custer came up with his cavalry.

"Take these troops away, sir, and I will make the crossing!"

Without waiting for reply he rode head-down the hill, followed by his brave Michigan horsemen.

The bugle sounded the recall. They heard it not; and afterwards excused their disobedience by declaring they thought it Custer's bugle, and it always meant "go ahead!"

The year was commanded by Lichfield, over whose devoted men she literally reined. General Devin sent to know if he needed help and got back the spirited message: "No! We can hold the ground all day against the whole rebel army!"

Later, when the Confederates fell back, Lichfield and a little group of officers, including Harry Winthrop, were reconnoitering; they came across a number of jovial fellows, recruiting their tired frames with wine and food on the great stoop of a planter's house.

"Well, boys, we cleared them out, after all!" he said, cheerily, as he flung himself from the saddle.

"Guess not!" was the sharp reply, as he and the half dozen next him were seized, and to his dismay he found that he was surrounded by Confederates.

As for Harry, his good horse saved him. With a bound he leaped the fence, and, while a score of pistol bullets showered round him, dashed into the wilderness.

But he was lost. Night came on and found him struggling through the dense brushwork of a seemingly endless wood, dragging his tired horse by the bridle and vowing by all his saints that he would almost rather take refuge with the enemy than tramp the long night through.

The long watch for morning came at last—a bright, sparkling, sunshiny day, which brought the song birds out in force. Harry had thrown himself at the foot of a big tree, and having relieved his horse of the burden he had allowed him to crop the young grass, and was just going to mount again, when he heard the thud of a horse's hoofs beating the turf at a short distance to the west.

Heavily tying his faithful charge to a branch of the tree, he cautiously moved forward on foot towards the spot from whence the noise came. He had not gone fifty paces when he struck a track—it could not be called a road, for it was a mere path-way, and it was not a horse's track, but a human one.

What! a lady! Alone in such a place and at such an hour? He could hardly believe it. But there she was, coming cautiously along, her head bowed, and her hands clasped in prayer. He was every moment coming nearer. You may be sure he did not forget to look to his pistols. His one great fear was that his own effort, hearing the other would neigh and thus betray his concealment. With every nerve strained he waited the coming enemy.

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CHAPTER VIII. KATE TO FACE.

"Kate!"

"Harry!"

He stood in the rugged path looking entrancedly into her dark eyes, which for a moment flashed back a tender glance of pleasure. The color fled from her face, and, pale as death, she sat like a graven statue. For an instant she recoiled in her saddle as though about to fall, and Harry raised his hands to save her; but mastering her weakness with supreme effort, she steadied herself, and the wild, frightened look her face gave place to a cold, stern expression of defiance.

"Am I your prisoner of war, Captain Winthrop?" she asked, gazing contemptuously at the insignia of his rank.

"Oh, Kate!" he stammered, "and is it not I who would ever harm you?"

"Then perhaps you will permit me to go my way unmolested."

"Kate, I must, I will speak with you," he said, impetuously. "Day and night I have longed for this opportunity, which chance at last has thrown in my way. You can not be so cruel, so heartless—"

"Oh, sir, spare me your reproaches. They do not come with a good grace from one who has just this opportunity which chance at last has thrown in my way. You can not be so cruel, so heartless—"

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And you will be captured. Quick! Where is your horse, Harry? Do not, in God's name, stand staring at me like that, but fly! Follow this track till you reach the picket line, or troops are on the way to Fort Monroe. Go with speed and you will overtake them. Oh! Harry, Harry, why do you linger so?"

And thus they parted.

CHAPTER IX. CUSTER.

Grant himself was come to take command of the Union army in Virginia. His very presence sent a thrill of enthusiasm through the troops, who had now lain a time at Fortress Monroe to recuperate. After crossing the Rapidan, the Federal forces plunged once more into the Wilderness.

Suddenly they drew near to the old battleground of Chancellorsville, where just a year before they had fought so fiercely, and where they struck the enemy.

For a time it was a duel between sharpshooters, who sheltered themselves behind trees and picked off officers on either side. Then the storm broke in fury. With a wild cry, Hancock's gallant corps, hidden by dense fog, charged into the Confederate lines, broke the abatis, surrounded a division, and captured four thousand prisoners and two Generals.

Again and again Harry Winthrop's brave fellows threw themselves upon the foe. He never flinched in the charge, but though his comrades fell on all sides of him, he came after each encounter scathless from the fray.

Not so the gallant Sedgwick. Brave ever to the verge of reckless daring, he had just chided a gunner for dodging a ball, with the light remark: "Pook! man, they could not hit a gallant corps, hidden by dense fog, charged into the Confederate lines, broke the abatis, surrounded a division, and captured four thousand prisoners and two Generals."

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## THE DAIRY.

—A generous supply of good pure water is an absolute necessity in profitable dairying.—Chicago Times.

—Keeping cream too long is a very common fault. Churn often. Churn every twenty-four hours. That is good sound advice.—Farm and Stockman.

—Do not "dry up" the cows when sold weather approaches; it will spoil them for future use, more or less, young cows and helpers especially.—Pioneer Press.

—When raising young calves to be your future milk cows, it is not necessary to keep them fat, but they should be made to grow as rapidly as possible. To do this, give them the use of good pasture as soon as they are weaned or old enough, and allow a good measure of ground oats at night. The shelter is also very important, as they should not be exposed at any season of the year.—Prairie Farmer.

—It is a waste of cow-force to turn her out where she roams over several hundred acres of land. She will be doing it most all day if there is no fence to stop her, and will be sure to do it if the pasture is thin and scarce. She had better be fed what she needs on a small space, and then be driven to the milking-milk.—Hoard's Dairyman.

—For the dairy, there must be constant study and effort for the accumulation of foods suited to the purposes required. The best have only made a good start in this direction, and the possibilities of the future are great, and should be inspiring. Above all things the dairymen who hopes for success must not let his cows run down. Recuperation is too costly.—Country Gentleman.

—A poor appetite in any farm animal, is greatly against its doing its best, no matter where it is working, whether in the dairy or before the plow. Therefore, in feeding young animals, especially calves, train the appetite; keep to the rule of making it lick the trough alone, gradually increasing the feed until you get nearly, but never quite, to the point where the trough would not be secured.—Cor. Nat. Stockman.

—Prominent dairymen claim that by allowing the cows to feed freely it produces a flow of milk. This is explained by the fact that salt promotes thirst, and causes the cow to drink more water. It is claimed that cows drink less than twenty-seven quarts of water daily are poor milkers, water composing about ninety-six per cent. of the milk. Such experiments, however, do not determine the quality of the milk, and in one respect shows that milk may be watered through the agency of the cow.—St. Louis Republic.

TESTING DAIRY COWS.

A Simple and Effective Way of Keeping Them Up to the Standard.

Now, I have often met men who say they can milk and feed at the same time, and I have often seen milking cows looking like fat beasts. But this, to my mind, proves nothing, because before the statement can be accurate it is necessary to know whether in milking all the milk has been taken from them, and this is the point that is nearly always overlooked. A milker will say he has got all the milk from the cow that he can get, but let him be ever so good a milker there is always some left in the milk veins that requires a little time to flow into the bag, and this little that is left will contain fifty per cent. of fat, and on this fat depends the quality of your milk and the condition of your cow. Some years ago I could always keep my milking cows in blooming condition, while they were milking; but one unlucky day I took into my confidence an analyst, and from that day to this my cows have deposited their fat in the bucket instead of on their backs. And with this condition of having the analyst behind me, I find it perfectly impossible to feed and milk at the same time without such an expenditure in artificial food as to render the expense unjustifiable. So that the proper course to adopt seems to resolve itself into this: to feed for milking in the first place—that is, with foods that give the proper proportion of albuminous compounds to carbo hydrates or non-albuminous, and are essentially milk producers—and when the yield of milk of any cow falls to the point fixed upon as the cost of feeding, then either sell her as she is, or at once commence to feed her; and to find out when the cows have arrived at this point, it is necessary to have the milk of each individual cow accurately weighed at least once a week. The expense and trouble of doing this is trifling, as compared with the information you gain from it. A spring balance, weighing up to fifty pounds, and an iron hook to hook into staples driven in at different parts of the shed is all the expense, and enables the weigher to follow the milkers. The number of each cow, and the gross weight of the morning's and evening's milk is entered in a book, and a note made of the weight of the bucket. This net result is then marked out at any spare moment, and is entered in a book ruled for the purpose, so that each weighing follows one after the other. At the bottom of the column is entered the weight of the strippings. I always arrange for one man to strip all the cows, and be responsible for the cows being milked clean. The information given by this simple dairy record is simply invaluable; you not only see at glance when the cow ceases to be profitable, but also if any cow is sick, from the difference in the weight of milk. Then the amount of strippings tells you whether either the cowman or milkers are neglecting their duty. And moreover, if the farmer's wife had this record of the weight of milk sent into her dairy to refer to, she would at once see whether she got the proper amount of butter from the milk. I have heard, perhaps, rather longer than I should on the weighing of milk, because I am convinced that it is one of the most necessary and most profitable requirements connected with the dairy, whether there is only one or one hundred cows kept.—Farmer's Advocate.

—Laid paper must have a sort of egg finish.—Puck.

## MONEY IN HORSES.

Senator Stockbridge's Success as a Breeder of Fine Stock.

"Raising trotting and running horses is not a very unprofitable business," said Senator Stockbridge a few days ago, as he leaned back in an easy chair in the room of the Senate Committee on Fisheries, of which he is chairman.

The Senator had just returned from Michigan where he spent a delightful day on his stock farm. It is situated a few miles from the beautiful little city of Kalamazoo, where the Senator resides, and is one of the finest pieces of farm property in Western Michigan.

"I had not been out to the farm for some time," said the Senator. "So one fine day I arranged with my partner, Mr. Brown, who is manager of the place, to go out and look over the stock and take a sort of inventory of it. We started about nine in the morning, and when we arrived at the farm the horses had all been fed and groomed and were feeling and looking in first-class condition. We got out the pedigree book and then carefully examined every young animal on the place. Many of them I had never seen. Mr. Brown would tell me the name of a colt, and after we had gone over his good points I would put his value down on my inventory book and then let him run off into the field. We spent several hours in this pleasant occupation, and I tell you it was quite a treat to see the young and frisky beauties scamper off, kicking their heels in the air. Well, after I had entered all the horses and set a very moderate value upon them, in no cases exceeding the price which they would bring in any open market, I found that we had just \$108,000 worth of horse-flesh. Now see what a nice profit that represented. We bought the farm three years ago and organized a stock company with a capital of \$75,000. We own a few thousand dollars for running expenses and things of that kind, but all this is more than offset by the value of the farm. So that, deducting the amount of capital we put in, the profits in three years, without any particular effort to run the farm as a money-making concern, were more than \$100,000, which you see is more than a Senator's salary. Some horses raised on this Kalamazoo stock farm have turned out to be very valuable and very fast. Boll Boy, which was purchased of Senator Stanford for \$10,000 and sold as a two-year-old for \$35,000, has just lowered her record, so that she is now in the 2:20 class, and she is only three years old.—N. Y. Tribune.

—At a Pennsylvania medical convention recently, it was declared that hydrophobia is a myth. Three of the members, while on the way home after the convention adjourned, heard a cry of "mad dog!" One of them darted up an alley and split his coat from preface to find a dog lying on a board fence six feet high; another climbed a lamp-post, and the third crawled into an empty store-box and began to say: "Now I lay me," etc. Hydrophobia may be a myth, all the same.—Drake's Magazine.

—Philadelphia Girl—I wonder what is the luckiest day to be married on? Chicago Girl—Oh! Wednesday, by all means. "Are you sure?" "Yes, indeed. My ma always gets married on Wednesday, and every time she gets a divorce, with ever so much alimony."—Philadelphia Record.

—Mistress of the House—Daddy Cuffy, have you seen any thing of the missing spoon? Uncle Cuffy—No, ma'am! I search every place, an' I'm night I eben bin to de fortune teller. She say you don't respicion any er de family, you dunno who to respect."—Detroit Free Press.

—"She Stoops to Conquer" was classed by a Topeka editor among Shakespeare's "magnificent comedies." That is not so bad, however, for a city in which a distinguished legislator, calling attention to the Kansas motto, said: "Them words is Latin!"—Emporia (Kas.) News.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

The manufacturer of newspaper philosophy means a kind of literary saw-mill.—Merchant Traveler.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

In English the average Russian word is pronounced failure.—Puck.

Is afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

## THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 7.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle—Common 3.00 3.50 Choice butchers 3.50 4.00 HOGS—Common 2.50 3.00 Good 3.00 3.50 SHEEP—Good to choice 4.00 4.50 LAMBS—Good to choice 4.00 4.50 FLOUR—Family No. 2 red 4.00 4.50 GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 4.00 4.50 Corn—No. 2 mixed 3.00 3.50 Oats—No. 2 mixed 2.00 2.50 HAY—Prime to choice 14.00 15.00 TOBACCO—Medium Leaf 30.00 35.00 Good Leaf 35.00 40.00 PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess 12.00 13.00 Lard—Prime steam 27.00 28.00 BUTTER—Choice Dairy 24.00 25.00 Prime to Choice Creamery 20.00 21.00 APPLE—Prime, per bush 1.50 2.00 POTATOES—Per bush 3.00 4.00

NEW YORK.

WHEAT—State and Western 3.00 3.50 GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 3.00 3.50 Corn—No. 2 mixed 2.00 2.50 Oats—Mixed 2.00 2.50 POKE—New Mess 12.00 13.00 LARD—Western Steam 27.00 28.00

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Wheat No. 2 red 3.00 3.50 GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 3.00 3.50 Corn—No. 2 mixed 2.00 2.50 Oats—Mixed 2.00 2.50 POKE—New Mess 12.00 13.00 LARD—Western Steam 27.00 28.00

INDIANAPOLIS.